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Poema mexico creo en ti manuel bernal letra

Letra del poema de méxico creo en ti de manuel bernal.

México, mi corazón late fuerte para ti. Como en el punto de un juramento, siento tu llamada. Tú eres una tragedia, mi tierra natal, Pero también ries demasiado, como si supieras Que la risa es el velo que cubre el dolor callado. México, te conozco sin saber tu nombre, Sin que me des la forma en que eres mi alma. Pero siento que mucho te pareces a mí, Que sé que existes, aunque no lo veo. En tus canciones, puedo escuchar mi corazón Que late porque sí, en la oración que aprendí para llamarte Patria. Soy como tu sombra, que se tiende con vida sobre el mapa. Y también eres para mí, mi promesa y mi beso, Sin saber por qué me los has entregado. No me importa tu oro interior, La vida de tu barro es lo que refresca mis aguas. En el jarro que llora por tus poros, Puedo sentir la opresión de tu raza. Cuando te creo, me vuelves ansia, Castidad y celo, y esperanza en mi corazón. Si conozco el cielo es porque tiene un cielo como tuyo, Y si conozco el dolor es porque siento tus lágrimas que están en mí aprendiendo a ser lloradas. México, eres tu propia magia, Que solo se puede desear en las palabras. Me contagias de auroras que cantas, Y todo el bosque se vuelve carne en ti. Todo el hombre se vuelve selva en ti. Creo en ti, Patria, como creo en los clavos que te sangran En las espinas que hay en tu corona, y en el mar que te aprieta la cintura. Para que tomes la forma humana de sirena en las espumas. Si no creyera que eres mío, El propio corazón me lo gritaría. Te arrebataría con mis brazos a todo intento De volverte ajeno, sintiendo que a mí mismo me salvaba. México, eres el alto de mi marcha, Y el punto de partida de mi impulso. Mi credo, Patria, tiene que ser tuyo, Como la voz que salva y como el ancla... In the subtle flight of your songs that arise without reason; in the prayer I learned to call you Patria, something is mine within me, like your shadow that stretches with life over the map. Mexico, I believe in you, in a way that you have my beloved's promise and kiss, which are mine, without knowing why they were entrusted to me; I don't know if it's because I'm good or bad, or because forgiveness gives rise to the miracle. Mexico, I believe in you, without worrying about the gold of your entrails; enough is the life of your clay that cools the clear waters, in the jar that weeps for the pores the oppression of the flesh of your race. Mexico, I believe in you, because believing you become my longing and chastity and zeal and hope. If I know the sky, it's because of your sky; if I know pain, it's because of your tears that are within me learning to be wept. Mexico, I believe in you, in your harvests of miracle-making that are only desire in words. You contaminate yourself with dawns that sing to you, and the entire forest becomes your flesh! And all humanity becomes jungle! Mexico, I believe in you, because I was born from you, like flame is a summary of fire and ember; because I put myself to ponder whether there exist in dream and material things that form me and in the delirium of scaling mountains. Mexico, I believe in you, because you write your name with the X that has something of cross and calvary; because the brave eagle on your shield plays "flying" with life and sometimes with death. Mexico, I believe in you, as I believe in the nails that bleed for you; in the thorns that are in your crown, and in the sea that tightens your belt to take on human form and sirena-like shapes in the foam. Mexico, I believe in you, because if I didn't believe you're mine, my own heart would shout it out, and I'd snatch you away with my arms to all attempts to make you foreign... feeling that I myself am saved! Mexico, I believe in you, because you are the high point of my march and the starting point of my impulse. My Credo, Patria, must be yours, like the voice that saves and like the anchor...! Manuel Bernal was one of the most outstanding figures to have emerged from the municipality of Almoloya de Juárez. As a professor, announcer, singer, and declaimer, he was born on December 3rd, 1901, as the son of Felipe Bernal and Arcadia Mejía. At age seven, he became an orphan and was taken under the tutelage of his aunt Ana Mejía de Contreras; from childhood, he had a penchant for literature and the Spanish language, particularly poetry. At age twelve, with the aim of continuing his studies, he left his home and moved to Toluca, where some relatives paid for his studies at the Scientific and Literary Institute, where he excelled in sports, literature, and physical-chemical sciences. He participated nationally, representing the state of Mexico in an oratory competition... El barítono Manuel Bernal ganó el primer lugar junto a Adolfo López Mateos en el periódico El Universal. Posteriormente se estableció en la ciudad de México, donde estudió música en el Conservatorio Nacional de Música. A pesar de haber obtenido una beca para ir a Italia como el mejor barítono, no pudo realizarla debido a problemas económicos y su compromiso con la medicina y leyes. Bernal impartió clases en la Preparatoria Nacional de física y química, y también enseñó literatura española y declamación en la escuela Marina Xóchitl, donde conoció a su futura esposa, Juana Fernández del Castillo. Juntos tuvieron cuatro hijos. Manuel Bernal comenzó a trabajar como locutor en la XEW en 1930, después de ganar un concurso de voces y recibir el premio "El maestro de la locución". Desde entonces trabajó como locutor, presentador y cantante, creando programas como "Tío Polito" y colaborando con otros artistas. Su carrera lo llevó a trabajar en teatro, cine y radio, y obtuvo numerosos reconocimientos por su trabajo, incluyendo premios en países de habla española como Nicaragua, Venezuela, Colombia y Guatemala. Fue un intérprete destacado de la poesía dariana y del sentir del pueblo mexicano. The renowned artist Pedro Vargas, along with other notable figures such as Luis G. Roldán and Miguel Aceves Mejía, including the well-known duo Michoacano, were part of a group that actively participated in various government documentaries. Notably, there was an occasion when they took part in a horse riding competition organized by radio presenters. Vargas even managed to secure first place as a rider on his horse Tanguarniz. His discography includes several poetry recordings with Orfeón and RCA Victor labels. In 1970, he experienced a heart attack which forced him to halt his activities at the radio station, though he continued to work on smaller projects from home in Mexico City until his death from cardiac arrest on January 7, 1975. Later that year, in September, his remains were moved to the Circle of Illustrious Men in the state of Mexico. He is particularly remembered for being the best interpreter of Guillermo Aguirre Fierro's poem "The Bohemian Toast", which annually gets re-enacted on Mother's Day.